

# THE APPEAL.

A U T U M N .

BY SAMUEL.  
For the Memphis Appeal.

"Now's o' wood and balye bower,  
And when the leaves begin to wane;  
Panis every last and tiniest down  
With the wint'r that she brings."

Now tinging with a ruddy brown  
The hills of green, the woods of gold,  
The gales of song, the hills,

When the spuds are about.

Now I'm down, down in the wood,  
A loop of choice tree.

Hark! I almost hear the sounds  
Of autumn.

And with each hush along the path  
When they were west to tread;

The gales bring with them the light and soft

The berries bright and red.

I leave the little hands

From the old home, the great old home;

The grape vines, in cluster bright—

What rich and precious gems!

And now upon the hillside,  
And along the rugged ground,

The hillsides are clover'd over.

The trees are clover'd over.

Now comes a joyful time.

The boughs are balye bower,

With the wint'r that she brings.

Now comes a joyful time.

The hills are balye bower,

With the wint'r that she brings.

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